

“The Power of the Cross”

1 Corinthians 1:18

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By Rebecca Enney

“Wanna see my new flashlight?” Elizabeth asked Running Chairs. They are playing up in Elizabeth’s bedroom. Elizabeth turned on her flashlight.

“Like, that’s not very, you know, bright.” said Running Chairs, unimpressed.

“Maybe if we get under the blanket.” said Elizabeth as she pulled the big blanket off her bed. “Ohhh! Let make a blanket house!” Elizabeth began to get the blanket stretched from the bed over to the dresser. Making a blanket house is always fun.

“Like, I know!” said Running Chairs. “Let’s pull down your window shades to make it like really dark in here.”

“This can be our safe place.” said Elizabeth as they huddled together. “We can pretend that there is danger out there.”

“Oh! Get your toys in here where it is safe!” And so Running Chairs and Elizabeth and all her toys are now safe from all danger in their blanket house. Cause you never know for sure if there are any monsters lurking out in the hallway. It was fun pretending.

“Let’s turn on your flashlight like now!” said Running Chairs. And NOW it gave a great light.

Elizabeth said in a loud voice “The people who sat in darkness have seen a great light.” And they felt safely concealed and well hidden from all the monsters they pretended were sitting out there in the dark.

“I forgot my cross!” Elizabeth remembered! She found her cross and brought it into their safe blanket house. “Good!” said Running Chairs. “Now the cross will like protect us.”

“It’s not a magic cross!” scolded Elizabeth. “It’s just a plastic cross that REMINDS us that Jesus died on a real cross for real to protect us from all the scary things in the dark but we are just PRETENDING that there are monsters in the dark but in real life Running Chairs there ARE some bad things that can happen and in real life Jesus is the light that shows us the right path but we are just pretending now.”

“I know.” said Running Chairs.

“Elizabeth?” called Mrs. Mawakasunga as she opened the bedroom door and saw that it was dark. “Are you in here?”



“Aughhhhhh!” they pretended to scream. “It’s a monster!”

“Aughhhhhh!” screamed Mrs. Mawakasunga for real. “You scared me!”

And they all laughed and laughed and laughed. It was so much fun playing blanket house!

It is God, from the cross that, in the end, has the power to save us from all the monsters in the dark.

THE END